And our induction full of proſperous hope
Hot Lord Mortimer,& coosin Glendower will you ſit down?
and vncle Worceſter;a plague vpon it, I haue forgot the map.
Glen. No,here it is, ſit Coosin Percy, ſit good Coosin Hotſpur,for by that name, as oft as Lancaſter doth ſpeake of you, his cheeke lookes pale,and with a riſing ſigh t he wiſheth you in heauen.
Hot. And you in hell, as oft ashe heares Owen Glendower ſpoke of.
Glen. I cannot blame him;at my natiuitie
The front of heauen was full of firie ſhapes
Of burning creſſets ,and at my birth
The frame and foundation of the earth
Shaked like a coward,
Hot. Why ſo it would haue done at the ſame ſeaſon,if your mothers cat had but kittened,though your ſelfe had neuer bin borne.
Glen. I ſay the earth did ſhake when I was borne,
Hot. And I ſay the earth was not of my mind,
If you ſuppoſe,as fearing you,it ſhooke.
Glen. The heauens were all on fire , the earth did tremble.
Hot. Oh!then the earth ſhooke to ſee the heauens on fire,
And not in feare of your natiuitie.
Diſeaſed nature oftentimes breakes forth
In ſtrang eruptions,of the teeming earth
Is with a kinde of collicke pincht and vext,
By the impriſoning of vnruly winde
Within her wombe,which for inlargement ſtriuing,
Shakes the old Beldame earth, and topples downe
Steeples and moſgrowne Towers. At your birth
Our grundam earth,hauing this diſtemperature,
In paſſion ſhooke .
Glen. Coosin,of many men
I do not beare theſe croſing:giue me leaue
To tell you once againe,that at my birth
The front of heauen was full of fierie ſhapes,
The goates ran from the mountaines,and the heardes
Were ſtrangely clamorous to the frighted fields.

Theſe ſignes haue markt me extraordinary,
And all the courſes of my life do ſhew,
I am not in the roll of common men:
Where is the liuing,clipt in with the ſea
That chides the banks of England,Scotland,Wales
Which cals me pupill,or hath read to me,
And bring him out,that is but womans ſonne,
Can trace me in the tedious waies of Art,
And hold me pace in deepe experiments.
Hot. I thinke there's no man ſpeakes better Welſh,
Ile to dinner.
Mor. Peace coosen Percy,you will make him mad.
Glen. I can call ſpirits from the vaſty deepe.
Hot. Why,ſo can I,or ſo can any man:
But will they come,when you do call for them?
Glen. Why,I can teach you coosen to command the diuell.
Hot. And I can teach thee coose,to ſhame the diuell,
By telling truth.Tell truth and ſhame the diuel,
If thou haue power to raiſe him,bring him hither
And Ile be ſworne,I haue power to ſhame him hence.
Oh,while you liue,tell truth and ſhame the diuell.
Mor. Come,come,no more of this vnprofitable chat.
Glen. Three times hath Henry Bullingbrooke made head
Againſt my power,thrice from the banks of VVye,
And Sandy bottomde Seuerne haue I hent him
Bootles home,and weather beaten backe.
Hot. Home without bootes,and in fowle weather too?
How ſcapes he agues in the diuels name?
Glen. Come,here is the Map,ſhall we diuide our right,
According to our threefold order tane?
Mor. The Arch-deacon hath deuided it
Into three limits,very equally:
England from Trent,and Seuerne hitherto,
By South and Eaſt,is to my part aſſignde,
All weſtward,VVales beyond the Seuerne ſhore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower:and deare coose,to you
The remnant Northward,lying off from Trent,